

PASSION
AND
DISCRETION,
IN
YOUTH,
AND
AGE.

*Here in a plaine and most familiar kinde
You may behold a Combat in the Minde:
Mans differing motions are the far in question.
The Combatants are Passion; and Discretion:
Each striving to be chiefe in the desire.
Or, if you please to straine it any higher,
Then here you, partly, may behold the strife
Betwene the Flesh, and Spirit in this Life.*

LONDON,
Printed by T. & R. Coles, for Francis Grove, dwelling
on Snow-hill, neere the Sarazens head, without
New-gate. 1641.



With chaines scarce feathers staffe with posie garnish'd
 With silkes and satins lacea faced warricht

for first preferment tis my ladies care
 To make mee hinch boy to the shewe or maye

PASSION AND DISCRETION, IN YOUTH, AND AGE.

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L O N D O N,
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Next place office which I doe attaine
 is swashing, whiffler with my staff and chaine
 In which hot office when I long have bin
 I swagging leane and to be stayd begin



Passion and Discretion in Youth and Age.

When that arch light, which makes things made
appear, (neare,
Dame natures Nurse, bright *Phæbus* doth draw
And from our Clymate, this times guider, *Sol*
Cals winter backe to the Autarticke Pole:
Then doth our late frost-bitten regions smile,
Our piercing ayre, cold winds and, fruitles soyle,
All suffer change, yea cheerished by the Sun
All things beneath rejoyce in what is done.

The earth puts on its rich, and sweet attyre,
Sweete to the sense, and rich to the desire.
Fish in the waters do both scip and flote:
Birds in the ayre tune a melodious note;
Beasts on the earth, yea Nature seemes to sing
By signes of joy to well-come in the spring.

Now shall these creatures in subjection pent,
Declare such signes and tokens of content,
These sensles creatures glory in this measure,
And in their youth, the spring time take such pleasure:
And shall not I, who hitherto lay hid,
Like Natures pow'r, in winter time, as dead?
In this my spring time have a cheerefull voyce,
Now in my youth be merry and rejoyce?

B

Now,

But here lyes that which doth undoe us still;
 That which, deare selfe, converts our good to ill;
 God in his mercy having daign'd to give us
 Innumerable good things to relieue us;
 We out of weakenesse, either quite refuse them,
 Or in the using of them quite abuse them:
 Which most prepos't'rous custome to suppress,
 Let love and friendship be without excess.

*Paffion in Age.*

Fond man what meant I? what was in my minde?
 When I was Youthfull how was I inclin'd?
 I then was heedlesse, ignorant, and nice,
 And counted care of worldly gaine a vice:
 Youths chiefe contentments, vaine delights & pleasure
 Were all I sought for, hey were then my treasure:
 I held them muck, wormes, and in much disdain,
 That did not value pleasure above gaine:
 I felt no sorrow then for what I spent,
 Because it purchas'd that which gave content.

But now I see my error in the same,
 How foolish I was, and how farre to blame,
 How wanton pleasure did delude my minde,
 And wrought upon my weaknesse in this kinde.

How many opportunities most fit,
 Which both advice, and reason did admit,
 Of gaine or profit did I then neglect,
 Without all care in any such respect.

This

Man

Hood



by silvery gotome and hooch I now haue gott And swim in sholes to wesminster in barges
with which in rane and flie to poules I trot and to feed high spare neither cost nor charges



But if my fleeting houe to lauish bin
I must be forced to turne Child a gin

In stead of posie beare a burning taper
thus man begins in beauty ends in woe

And therefore this shall be my highest pitch,
Onely to toyle, and study to be rich,
And this I will endeavour to expresse:
Though with my tongue, I doe not it confesse.

But if I must, for tender Natures sake,
Some further use of Recreation make,
My Librery to my view presents
The sweet fruition of most choyce contents:
There I have certaine statute Bookes at hand,
Where I may view the Tenours of my Land:
There I have just Arithmatickes to count
Unto what summes my usuries amount:
And eke an Affamérides, which may
Shew me my other commings in each day.

And there to pleasure me, I may behold
My bonds, and bills, my silver, and my gold;
Which Jewels if I should but feele, I thinke,
It would refresh me more than meate and drinke.

Discretion in Age.

DEare selfe, what art thou all inclin'd to earth?
Is nothing else in thy account of worth?
Or, at the leastwise, nothing else that may
Here upon earth, be valu'd with this clay?

Earth is, indeed, the matter of thy frame,
And thou must sure, againe unto the same;
For things Created naturally run,
Into those elements where they begun)
This cannot be deny'd: that in this kind
Thou mayst be something to the earth inclin'd.



Are to be sold by R. Stent

<p>With chaires scarce feathers staffe with posie garnisht With silkes and satins laced faced varnisht</p>	<p>for first preferment tis my ladies care To make mee rinch boy to the shew or maye</p>
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 is swashing whiffler with my staff and chain
 In which hot office when I long have bin
 I swagging lean and loo to be begin



But if my frothing have to laugh bin
I must be forced to turne Child a gin

In stead of posie beare a burning taper
thus man begins in beauty ends in waper